



From the New York Star.

#### SKETCH OF SANTA ANA.

Some particulars of this personage, which we have derived from gentlemen intimately acquainted with him, may be interesting to the public.

Santa Ana is about 42 years of age, and was born in the city of Vera Cruz. His father was a Spaniard of old Spain, of respectable standing, though poor; his mother was a Mexican. He received a common education, and at the age of 13 or 14 was taken into the military family of the then Intendant of Vera Cruz, Gen. Davila, who took a great fancy to him and brought him up. He remained with Gen. D. until about the year 1820. While with Davila he was made a Major, and when installed he took the honors very coolly, and on some of his friends congratulating him, he said, 'If you were to make me a God, I should desire to be something greater.' This trait developed at so early a period of his life, indicated the existence of that vaunting ambition which has ever since characterized his life.

After serving the Spanish Royal cause until 1821, he left Vera Cruz, turned against his old master and benefactor, and placed himself at the head of some irregular troops which he raised on the sea coast, near Vera Cruz, and which are called Järochos in their language, and which was denominated by him his Cossacks, as they are all mounted and armed with spears.—With this rude cavalry he besieged Vera Cruz, drove Davila into the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and after having been repulsed, again entered at a subsequent period, and got entire possession of the city, expelling therefrom the old Spanish troops, and reducing the power of the mother country in Mexico to the walls of the castle.

Subsequent to this Davila is said to have obtained an interview with Santa Ana, and told him he was destined to act a prominent part in the history of his country, and now, says he I will give you some advice: 'Always go with the strongest party.' He always acted up to this motto until he raised the *grito*, (or cry) in other words took up the cudgels for the friars and church.—He then overthrew the federal government and established a central despotism, of which the priests and the military were the two privileged orders. His life has been from the first of the most romantic kind, constantly in revolutions, constantly victorious, until the last fatal rencontre.

His manners are extremely affable; he is full of anecdote and humor, and makes himself exceedingly fascinating and agreeable to all who come into his company; he is about five feet 10, rather spare, has a moderately high forehead, with black hair, short black whiskers, without mustaches, and an eye large, black, and expressive of gentle and dignified deportment, but of a disposition perfectly heartless; but has never evinced a savagery of character, except in the massacres in which he has been implicated in Texas. He married a Spanish lady of property, a native of Alvarado, and through that marriage obtained the first part of his estate called Manga de Clavo, 6 leagues from Vera Cruz. He has three fine children, yet quite young.

The following striking anecdote of Santa Ana, illustrates his peculiar quickness and management: During the revolution of 1829, while he was shut up in Oxaca, and surrounded by the government troops, and reduced to the utmost straits for the want of money and provisions, having a very small force, there had been in consequence of the seige, and firing every day through the streets, no mass for several weeks.—People delighted at having again an opportunity of adoring the Supreme Being flocking to the church where he was, and after the house was pretty well filled, his friars showed their side arms and bayonets from beneath their cloaks and closed the doors upon the assembled multitude. At this unexpected denouement there was a tremendous shrieking, when one of his officers ascended the pulpit and told the people that he wanted \$10,000 and must have it. He finally succeeded in getting about \$3,500, when he dismissed the congregation.

In the same campaign of Oxaca, Santa Ana and his officers were there besieged by Riccon, who commanded the government troops. Santa Ana was in a convent surrounded by a small breastwork. Some of the officers one night, to amuse themselves took the wooden saints out of the church and placed them as sentries, dressed in uniforms on the breastwork. Riccon alarmed

in the morning at this apparent boldness, began to fire away at the wooden images, supposing them to be flesh and blood, and it was not until after some of the officers who were not in the secret had implored Santa Ana to prevent this desecration that the firing ceased.

Many similar facts are related of Santa Ana. We have not room to say more than there is no man who has filled the space he has that is so little understood. In short, he is all things to all men. He never was out of Mexico, and the likeness exhibited of him in this city bears no resemblance to him.

#### UNITED STATES.

Washington, June 6th, 1836...The remainder of the papers called for by the House of Representatives in relation to the causes of the Seminole and Creek hostilities, were communicated to-day, and the whole were ordered to be printed.

It appears from documentary testimony, that, under the Treaty of Payne's Landing, made with the Seminoles in 1832, the tribe agreed to remove to the West, on the condition that Charley Emartla, and others of their head men, should first go out and explore the country, and make a report in relation to it. After the reception of this report, it was to be optional with the Indians whether to remove or not. Emartla and his deputation accordingly went to the country, and instead of obeying their instructions, were induced, by bribery and corruption, to make a treaty confirming the Treaty of Payne's Landing. This fraudulent treaty was concluded at Fort Gibson, in 1834, between the Indian deputation & the Commissioners of the United States, the principal of whom was Mr. Schermerhorn. Upon the return of Emartla, with his treaty, it was submitted to a council, who tore it to pieces, and immediately decreed the death of the traitor, who was forthwith taken out and shot. Under this treaty of 1834, it was provided that the Seminoles should make restitution of certain runaway slaves and their issue. The slaves had intermarried with the Indians, and they thought it rather hard, under a fraudulent treaty, to give up their children as well as their lands; but the government insisted upon the execution of the treaty to the letter, and undertook to enforce it by arms—with what result is well known.

There is no doubt, that, in the course of time, the chivalry of the Union will succeed in removing the Indians at the point of the bayonet; but not without a war of long continuance, and, on the part of the Indians, of unexampled desperation.

It appears that the Seminoles will be able to sustain the war for a long time; for, besides an abundance of fish, which they shoot with their arrows, they have an inexhaustible quantity of cassava and other roots.

The United States sloop of war Vincennes, which arrived at Norfolk a few days since from a voyage around the world, had sailed 59,600 miles since leaving the United States in November 1833. The Northern Beacon says:

'The Vincennes proceeded to the Navigators Island at one of which, (Otewhy,) a part of the crew of the whale ship William Penn, had lately been cut off. Having approached within a few miles of Otewhy, the ship was disguised to prevent premature alarm, and soon received a visit from the natives. These were all detained on board, while an armed force of seamen and marines was sent on shore, with orders to take, alive or dead, the Chief Popetuno, who had committed the outrage upon the William Penn's boats, or, in case of escape, to burn all the property which could be ascertained to belong to him.'

Landing, in obedience to these orders, the party proceeded, under the guidance of a European resident, several miles into the interior, searching the villages through which they passed for the criminal, but carefully avoiding all violence toward those who had not been engaged in the murder.

During these proceedings no interruption was experienced from the natives, who were themselves frequent sufferers from aggressions of this same Popetuno, and seemed generally desirous to be relieved of his presence; he had, however, taken the alarm and made his escape into the interior of the island, so that after a fruitless search several hours, his houses were reduced to ashes, and his property destroyed wherever it could be found. Having effected this and taken measures to ensure a friendly reception to any ships that may in future visit the Island, the Vincennes took leave of Otewhy, in the confidence that the punishment which had been inflicted on a real aggressor, had not been productive of better effects than the justice with which the innocent had been carefully exempted from

#### THE GRAY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE.

An old paper contains the following amusing account of the origin of the above proverbial phrase, usually applied to those unfortunate and distressed gentlemen who live under the dominion of the female government, without thinking it always expedient to act the part of Petrus towards their gentle Kate.'—*Nat. Eagle.*

A gentleman in a certain town in England married a young lady of wealth and accomplishments, but alas! he soon discovered that she was a most intolerable shrew. After enduring this earthly purgatory as long as he could, he resolved to break his fetters, by a deliberate separation. He accordingly went to her father, and with a rueful countenance informed him that he could no longer live with his daughter, and if he would receive her back, he would restore her whole fortune. The old gentleman, after ascertaining the cause of his misery, calmly informed him that he was in nearly the same situation of every married man.

The young gentleman, however, positively denied this assertion, and declared that he was the most miserable being in existence.

'Sir,' replied the old man, 'you must have little knowledge of the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not in the same mode.—In order, however, to end the dispute, I will stake the truth of my assertion on the following expedient if you will agree to adopt it:

'I will furnish you with five horses which you can harness to a cart, in which I will place a basket of one hundred eggs and if on travelling through the country, & leaving a horse where you ascertain on strict inquiry, that the husband governs, and merely an egg where the wife rules, you shall find that the eggs are disposed of before the horses, I trust that you will not consider your own case so very desperate; but be satisfied to return home and regard your wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand you get rid of the horses before the eggs, I will take my daughter home again and you may retain her fortune.'

This proposal was eagerly accepted, and our Benedict sallied forth in hopes of soon relieving himself of his five horses, and of course his gentle mate. At the first house where he arrived, he was soon convinced that the lady governed, accordingly quietly left an egg without any inquiry.

At the next house he met with no better success, and so at every other house until his eggs were nearly exhausted. At length he came to the mansion of a gentleman of great affluence, when knocking at the door, he inquired if the master was at home; and he was told by a servant that his master was in bed—that if he would alight, his mistress was in the parlor. He did so, and the lady received our traveler with much civility, and informed him, that unless his business was urgent, she did not wish to disturb her husband.

'Why to ask a question, you can answer it as well yourself; you may think it impudent, especially in a stranger; but as a considerable wager depends upon it, I hope you will excuse me. Pray then inform me whether you govern your husband or he rules you.'

The lady replied without hesitation, that it had always been her pride to obey her husband in all things—but that if woman's word was to be suspected, in such a case, he could answer for himself, for there he came.

The gentleman at that moment entered

the room and being informed of the business, confirmed every word which his wife had reported, in her favor.

On this, he was requested to make a selection from the horses in the cart, and to accept it as a present.

An elegant black charger struck the gentleman's fancy, but the lady preferred the gray mare.

The husband urged many reasons why he preferred the black horse; but Madame still persisted in her preference for the gray mare.

'It is impossible,'

she exclaimed, 'that you will not take her!—but I say you shall, for I am sure the gray mare is the better horse.'

'Well my

dear,' replied the obedient husband, 'if it must be so!—you must take an egg,'

replied the gentleman Carter, 'and I must

take my horse and endeavor to live happily with my wife.'

#### SAFE REMEDY FOR RESTLESSNESS AT NIGHT.

A man who kept a small rum-selling establishment was a professor of religion. One evening while attending a religious meeting, he arose and began to make some remarks, another member arose and interrupted him by saying, brother I do not like to hear you speak in meeting it troubles me very much. Why I said the other.—Because you are engaged in a traf-

fic which you know is the cause of the destruction of thousands of your fellow beings. I say it kindly, but I must be faithful. The rumseller was silent. On returning home his wife perceiving that all was not right, says to him, Husband, what is the matter you look very sad? Why!

said he, brother such a one has reproved me

in meeting for selling ardent spirits. I am

glad of it, said she for when you are gone

I have to deal it out myself, and my con-

science wont bear it much longer. He

went to bed but not to sleep. From his

restlessness, his wife perceived that his re-

flexions were not of the most pleasant

kind; but not a word was said by either

—All at once he says, Wife I have a good

mind to get up and cut down my sign....

Do said she and I'll get up and hold the

candle for you. No sooner said than done.

He sprang out of his bed, and with the

assistance of his wife laid his sign prostrate

on the ground. He went to bed and slept

soundly till morning. So quiet was his

conscience, and so undisturbed his sleep,

that his rum drinking customers came for

their bitters before he awoke. He got up

and went to the door.—See, said they,

and they cursed cold water folks have been

cutting your sign down. True, said he,

so they have; and I am the cold water

man myself. So gentlemen you must go

somewhere else for your bitters this morn-

ing. Now if any rumseller doubts the hap-

iness of that man, let him make the same

experiment and see.—*Tem. Rec.*

Owing to various causes the ship was delayed on her voyage; many of the turtles died, and others became sickly. This was the case of the 'Lord Nelson,' and it was so nearly dead when the ship arrived in the channel, that the sailors, with whom it was a favorite, threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it a chance. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for two years afterwards the very same turtle was again found at its old haunts in the island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statements, place the fact beyond doubt, and afford a wonderful instance of the instinct of this fish. When we consider the vast tract of waters which the turtle had to pass, and that the island of Ascension is only a little speck in the mighty ocean, it is impossible not to reflect on that unexplained instinct with wonder which enabled so unwieldy, and apparently so stupid an animal, to find its way back to a rock in the desert of wa-

ters.

TO YOUNG MEN.—There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him but we know that his light is behind them and will beam again; the blaze of others prosperity may outshine him but we know that, though unseen he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without struggle, for that is not a virtue; but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasms of the profligate, and it stings him; for that is the trial of virtue; but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion if it leads to sin; the Atheist who says not only in his heart but with his lips, 'there is no God,' controls him not for he sees the hand of a creating God and reveres it—a preserving God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving council; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength—but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self balanced tower; happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward then, conscientious youth!—*giddiness.* If you say, when you have power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a political current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue; It is easy fearfully to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on the strength, then, let thy chivalry be aroused against error; let *Truth* be the lady of thy love—defend her.—*Southern Rose.*

Something for the curious....In the great valley between the North and South Mountains in Pennsylvania, commonly called the eastern ridges, a well was dug some years since in Franklin county, and another in Cumberland county, 30 or 40 miles from the former, which led to a discovery affording a subject for interesting speculation. After proceeding in each instance to the depth of about 36 feet, the bottom of these wells both gave way, but fortunately when the workmen had retired, and a torrent of water gushed up. A lead with 50 fathoms of line was sunk without finding the least obstruction. They remain at this time untouched and of unknown depth. The presumption is, that there is a subterranean lake in that quarter, and how far it extends under the base of the vast primitive mountains, situated between the Susquehanna and Pittsburgh, will never be ascertained, unless by some terrible convolution of nature they should be precipitated in the tremendous abyss....*Allegheny Mag.*

Some time before the breaking up of the British Head-quarters at Cambray, an Irish soldier, a private in the 23d regiment of Foot, was convicted of shooting at, and robbing a French peasant, and was in consequence sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a stentorian voice as follows:—Bad looks to the Duke of Wellington! he's no Irishman's friend any way. I have killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it in my head to kill one upon my own account, by the powers he has tucked me up for it!

A man of consequence.—A native of the sister Island having come to London for the first time went to Drury Lane Theatre. In course of the evening there was a great hubbub (no uncommon case) in the gallery, upon which Pat (who was in the pit) rose up in a great hurry, and with marks of indignation in his face, thus addressed the

turbulent deities:—'I'll tell you what it is now, if you don't immediately make a less noise, faith I'll leave the house.'

**DISASTROUS STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.**—The steamboat John Walker was blown up at day light on the 10th instant, at Wilmington, N. C. and made a complete wreck, killing three men. She had run alongside a brigge lying at anchor in the stream, for the purpose of towing her down over the shoals. Soon after making her fast, to the brig, and while in the act of heaving up the anchor, the boilers burst, simultaneously, blowing out the bow and stern of the boat, which, in a few minutes, sank, and is now almost entirely under water. Capt. Dickson, who was standing on the engine house, by the side of the engineer, was blown over the stern of the brig, and killed; a colored fireman, who was in the hold and the pilot, were also killed; the engineer a colored man, was blown on board the brig, and dangerously wounded; another colored man was also slightly wounded.

**War in Texas for the last 25 years.**—We make the following brief outline of these was from an article in the Lexington Reporter:

Their history according to the writer, shows that the Mexicans have not advanced in military tactics since the days of Montezuma, and that in morals they have retrograded.

The first contest between the people of the United States and the Mexican soldiers was in 1809 or 10. Col. Lassus commanded at Baton Rouge. To avenge the wrongs done by this officer to Reuben Kemper 40 Americans under Gen. Phillip Thomas, took Baton Rouge with Col. Lassus and its garrison of 120 men.—Col. Kemper then proceeded into Texas to aid the patriots of that province against the Mexican government. A party of 550 men under Col. Ross and Lt. Col. Kemper, then took Goliat and its garrison of two Mexican companies without any loss. In two months after 1500 Mexican troops besieged the Texians, but were attacked, defeated and all taken. This little army flushed with confidence, set out in 1812 for the conquest of Mexico. The Mexicans were in force to the number of 3000 near San Antonio, but were completely routed and cut to pieces by Ross and Kemper. Two Governors of Provinces were made prisoners, but were afterwards broken in upon by a young Spaniard whose father had been shot and who in revenge murdered them and all the other officers. In March 1812, a force of 4000 Mexican troops appeared near San Antonio. Col. Kemper had gone to Red River for recruits, his men determined to go against their army though seven times greater than their own. The victory was complete and only three men lost by the Americans. In August, 1812, Gen. Toledo arrived and took command of San Antonio, and, with a force of Mexican army of 4,000 and routed them. These former successes may be said to have severed Texas from the mother country. In September, 1835, Gen. Cos came with 1600 men into Texas—Goliat was taken from him by 175 Texians, and 600 farmers under Gen. Austin marched against Cos. A party of 92 men under Fanning and Bowie defeated with the loss of 104 men and 1 piece of artillery. The conquest of Alamo by Milam, and the capture of Cos and 1100 men followed. In point of physical and moral superiority and bravery, the writer compares 10,000 Americans to 100,000 Mexicans. The Mexicans in fact are of an inferior race, Moorish, Spanish, Indian and Negro blood combined. Gen. Toledo told the writer of the article, that with 2000 such troops as he commanded at San Antonio he could readily make the conquest of Mexico.—*Troy Whig.*

**Flag of the United States.**—The Journal of Commerce mentions that on and after the fourth of July next, the flag of the United States will be spangled with twenty six stars, 2 being added in consequence of the admission of the States of Arkansas and Michigan into the Union. In 1818, the number of States then being 20, an act was passed 'that on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the Flag of the Union; and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July then succeeding such admission.' The 13 stripes, denoting the thirteen original States, were on the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, increased to 15; but as the number of States was further enlarged, it was perceived that the Flag would not, eventually, admit of a stripe for each, and so an act was passed fixing the number at 13, as before. The last star added to the Flag was on the 4th of July 1822, in honour of the State of Missouri, which was admitted into the Union on the 10th of August 1821. The star for Maine was added on the 4th of July 1820.—*Her.*

The well known Prince Puckler Muskau writes from Patras, 15th January, as follows, to Mr. Leopold Schefer of Mauskau:—'Greece is in the most deplorable condition; much lower in every respect in civilization than Barbary, and, as I hear quite laid waste. You have seen the beautiful plain of Patras, now a desert overgrown with weeds and rushes, and without a single tree where formerly 100,000 grew. Robbers make the whole country extremely unsafe; and yesterday I came to a mill in the mountains, the owner of which after being robbed, had his nose and ears cut off and, if I read right, his mouth also a remedy against freedom of speech. But

for England's Consul I should be almost starved here and yet every body tells me that Patras is the principal town in New Greece, not excepting even Athens! The Prince is now at Constantinople.

**MUSIC.**—An excellent clergyman, possessing much knowledge of human nature, instructed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in this mode of education? He replied, 'When any thing disturbs their temper, I say to them sing, and if I hear them speak against any person, I call them to sing to me, and so they have sung away all causes of discontent, and every disposition to scandal.' Such a use of this accomplishment might serve to fit a family for the company of angels.

**Tragedy in Real Life.**—The French delight in the romantic, and their real life is often more a theatrical allusion than a reality. While the crowd a short time since were assembled along the Quai des Champs Elysees, in the suburbs of Paris, just below the Garden of the Tuilleries, to look at the effects produced by the late swollen condition of the Seine, a lady of the highest rank, in fashionable attire, jumped from the parapet into the river, and floated rapidly down the current, was not extricated until it was too late to resuscitate her by the usual expedients adopted. In the midst of the exclamations of the gazing crowd, her corpse was carried to the morgue or dead house, farther up the river, where it was soon recognised by the respectable parents searching for their missing daughter, and overwhelmed as may be imagined, by this dreadful catastrophe. It appears that her desperation arose from excessive grief at the recent death of her husband, an evidence of deep and pure feeling, quite a phenomenon in these selfish times.

**Fatal Accident.**—Philip H. Dean, a fine young man, 19 years of age, in the employ of A. Hartshorn & Co. of this city, a driver of one of the packet boats, on reaching Tonawanda, on Saturday evening, where the horses are changed, in consequence of the mud, went for the purpose of *creaking* his horses. From recent rains, the river was higher than he had calculated upon, and the whole were swept into the current; in his anxiety to save the horses, he swam after and disengaged them from each other, a kick from one of them struck him down, and his life was unfortunately the forfeit. The three horses crossed the branch of the Niagara River and reached the Grand Island in safety. The body of deceased was brought up by the seine of some persons fishing shortly after.—*Hamilton Gaz.*

Among the emigrants lately arrived, are three of them from from Hawaï, thirty-two Bavarians and one Prussian, the others from the Rhine. About half of them are mechanics, the rest agriculturalists. They were in good health and spirits, and appeared to have sufficient to pay their expenses. They were destined for Cincinnati on the Ohio, and came to Quebec because the passage money was less than to an American port. They proceeded in the *Canadian Eagle* last evening. Some of them, it is said, will go to the St. Francis Townships. Two hundred and fifty emigrants are also arrived for the Land Company. They get the lands at 4s. or 6s. with a clearing of five acres and a log house, the whole payable by annual instalments in six years, without interest. They are also allowed seed potatoes for the first year.—*Quebec Gaz.*

**EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.**—As yet most of the emigrants who are leaving Ireland for Canada, or the United States, are bearing their own expenses. Of course they do not consist of the dislodged tenantry; and their removal is not, we fear, calculated to afford relief to those who remain behind, upon which we have said so much. Among those now emigrating are some families with considerable capital. Several younger brothers having realized their all, are now settled and settling in Canada or the United States. But Canada appears to be the favorite. But we have to mention by far the most important emigrant in point of capital who has yet gone out for the purpose, not of investment only, but permanent residence. The name we shall not mention, but we know the fact that a gentleman of £2500 a-year, in one of the metropolitan Counties, has sailed for Liverpool last week with his family, consisting of ten children and six servants. He has not, we believe, as yet disposed of his Irish property; but with such an income as this, well paid and well secured, he will quintuple his property in ten years if God spare him life. The young ladies certainly when they grow up, cannot go to the Castle, nor the young men be lounging about Grafton street. The former however, will be Canadian farmer's wives, and the latter Canadian farmers. There will be no husband hunting on one side, nor fortune hunting on the other. But there will be content and cheerfulness, and a total absence of anxiety as to the future settlement of families. We have to state another instance. The son of a noble Lord, some of whose estates, we perceive, are coming under the hammer, having secured himself £1000 a-year, the wreck of a noble property, is about to take his departure for the shores of the New World. Whether he will pitch his tent in the Ca-

nadian wilderness, or seek a residence on the banks of the beautiful Ohio, or the mighty father of rivers, we do not know. But success attend him! He is an honorable young man. In process of time he will be an Earl. But it is probable he will abandon his title for that of an American farmer.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

#### UPPER CANADA.

The royalists of Upper Canada still go on conquering and to conquer. In Northumberland, M'Donnell and Ruttan were respectively 176 and 155 ahead of Gilchrist, the more popular of the republican candidates. Northumberland, therefore, being safe, a long line of counties from Simcoe to Prescott inclusive, comprising five whole districts and two half-districts, has shaken off the incubus of republicanism and actually or virtually returned none but staunch constitutionalists.

District.	County.	Numbers.
Home,	Simcoe,	2
Newcastle,	Durham,	2
	Northumberland,	2
Prince Edward,	Hastings,	2
Midland,	Leinster & Addington,	3
	Frontenac,	3
Johnstown,	Leeds,	2
Bathurst,	Lanark,	2
	Carleton,	1
Ottawa,	Russell,	1
	Prescott,	2

In this range of country, the elections of 1834 had given twelve republicans and thirteen constitutionalists.

Most of the seven other districts are almost if not altogether, purged of radicalism. The Home District, which, in 1834, returned six radicals and one conservative, has now returned three radicals and four conservatives. The Johnstown District, which, in last Assembly, had four radical representatives and one constitutional representative, will, in the next Assembly, have two of the former kind and three of the latter. The Eastern District, which sent five radicals and two conservatives to Bidwell's den of thieves, has sent four of the bad sort and three of the good sort to Mr. M'Lean's house of honest men:—and, though it still has a numerical majority of lumps of the old leaven, yet it has amply done its duty in the business of re-action by having placed Mr. M'Lean at the head of the poll in Stormont. From the four more westerly districts, such accounts, as have reached us, are equally favourable to our argument but not so conclusive as to become the basis of calculation;—but, in the eight more easterly Districts, there will be thirty constitutionalists out of thirty-nine members. The Assembly, in short, will contain at least forty-two and probably forty-five men of the right sort against fifty-four men of the right sort against fifteen or eighteen knavish boobies.

But to make the contrast between the election of 1834 and that of 1836 more complete, we must enter a little more minutely into the actual circumstances.

On the former occasion, many elections were so closely contested, that twenty or thirty votes, properly distributed, would have sent a constitutional majority to the Assembly; while, on the recent occasion, almost every successful struggle of the constitutionalists has resulted in the retirement of the revolutionists naturally eager to conceal the real extent of their weakness. On the former occasion, moreover, many a contest hinged rather on personal or local considerations than on political principles, as was evident from the confessed inability of any and every party to predict the result of the first trial of strength in the election of Speaker; whereas, on the more recent occasion, every candidate has been distinctly marked out either as a conservative or as a radical.

The constitutionalists of Upper Canada have nobly done their duty, and Sir Francis Head has achieved what we rather wish than expect the earl to imitate.—There are some individuals, whom even experience will not teach.—*Mont. Her.*

For the Mississoui Standard.

Mr. Editor:—I will endeavor to anuse your readers with an odd kind of dream which I fell into the other night, after having consumed most part of the day in turning over in my mind the various dispositions of civilized life, where the law of inheritance and succession places us in situations so wide of those for which nature has formed us, I could not get these thoughts out of my head, when I laid it upon my pillow. They pursued me in a dream, and brought the following scene before my eyes. Methought I stood by the road side, on the margin of a pellucid stream, of which some one at my elbow told me the following tradition:—Persecution had once borrowed the Furies of Proserpine, to lash Truth out of the world. The poor maid, whose custom it was to go about half naked, was cruelly driven by these implacable Furies. She was pursued from city to city, and from town to town, till, at the moment when she was beginning to faint with fatigue and loss of blood, she came to the brink of this little rivulet, into which she forthwith plunged, and was preserved by the presiding Deity, from the further vengeance of her tormentors. In recompense for this happy rescue the stream was endowed with the property of reflecting each person that passed by, in the true character and office for which nature had designed him, had nature been suffered to take her course—I was now desired to contemplate in the stream, the images of those who passed, and observe well the metamorphoses it represented. At that moment there appeared a very fine gentleman, accompanied by his servant, in a fine carriage, as soon as they were opposite the faithful pool, the transformation was surprising. Suddenly the carriage was transformed into a cart, and the gentlemen, whom the man at my elbow informed

me was the Hon. L. J. P.—into a common executioner, and seizing the servant, he threw him down, and with an executioner's axe that he had in his hand, severed his head from his body, and holding up the bleeding head, spoke thus, 'so would I do, had I power, to the hated English.' I had scarce taken leave of the executioner, before I espied at a short distance a spruce looking fellow coming, who I was informed was Doct. O. C.—remarkable for making speeches at radical meetings, what was my astonishment, to hear him fall to crying in the real Irish brogue (Pratties Pratties) with the lustiest scream, and the most hearty good will imaginable, I now took leave of my potatoe-seller; when I discovered at a distance a man driving a gig at a very quick pace, his horse appearing a very spirited animal. At his coming nearer to me, I discovered it to be E. K. a certain M. P. P. As soon however, as he arrived at the spot, the water reflected back the image of a miserable looking horse and cart, loaded with pitch pine knots, and tar barrels, and the gentleman as the driver ragged and black. I turned my eyes from this black, dirty spectacle, when I perceived a fierce looking gentleman approaching, who I was informed was T. S. B. from Montreal, a frothy democrat. On his nearing the watery mirror, what was my astonishment at perceiving something slung across his arm, which I had taken at a distance to be a handkerchief, suddenly change into a bunch of curvy combs, and the gentleman begin to trouble the passers by, similar to what they do when you are in Montreal, with 'will you buy this curvy comb.' A Dr. L. B. a president of a certain nominal Radical Society, happened most opportunely to meet a carcass-butcher, just at the critical spot, appeared to give him up his box of instruments, and march off with the butcher tray on his shoulder. A stately person now advanced who I discovered to be Dr. S. F. a certain J. P. wrapped in a cambric cloak, in a moment however his cloak changed into a woollen frock, similar to what is worn by teamsters to the south, and his cane into a carter's whip, and in this equipment, he plodded away like another Cincinnatus retiring to the plough. A boyish person now made his appearance who I discovered to be a Co-Editor to a sparrow of a paper. As he approached, the whole inside of a book which I discovered to be Clowes Canada Grievances, which he held under his arm, seemed to be dispersed a thousand ways, like the leaves of the Sibyllae, and nothing but the covers were left him, while the man himself was reflected by the stream in the character of an undertaker. A number of others past by the stream, some transformed from affluence to poverty, and others from poverty to affluence, but I should tire the patience of your readers to give you a particular description of them all, and besides should you be so kind as to give this communication an insertion in your paper, I may possibly trouble you again as a

DREAMER.

Danham, July 7th, 1836.

#### MISSISSOUI STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, JULY 12, 1836.

In bed, reviewed occurrences of the day—a wholesome plan: would recommend it to our young friends.—Moralised on contingencies and accidents of human life. Had no rain fallen previously, roads would have been better, we might have been in bed by 8 o'clock; had roads been worse, might have been 10. So much do most important events depend on trifling accidents. Tried to remember when we went to bed at nine before when in health—got bewildered—asleep.—Slept like bear in winter. Monday morning. Got up before 5. Washed. Pitched on clothes. Walked about to discover if Snip had left us use of flexors and extensors. Descended, made some wise observations to friend, felt hungry, found out that we must either postpone breakfast or passage to Montreal. Chose the greater evil—very foolish, never will do so again—walked to boat. Walk short and sweet like a jack-ass gallop. Had been buried in backwoods for 20 months—being an islander originally, water therefore smelt sweet. Saw that baggage was safe. Lost friend in crowd. Took larboard side of quarterdeck. Looked into water and positively thought of nothing—didn't whistle. Mounted gallery. Sun shone with brilliancy but air cool. Rolled cloak around our sacred person, in compliance with orders from friend, who belongs to militia medical staff, and admired every thing we saw, except ugly chimney. Three men work tiller till boat reaches medium flumen, pilot in crow's nest forward, directs by signs. Kept eye on with pilot's staff and bowsprit, to discover what were land marks. Felt hungrier.—Thought if St. Lawrence were fresh milk, and jolly boat astern 'household bread' would slip down painter and feast. No go however. Jolly boat hard wood, and St. Lawrence 'tee-total.' Regretted we were not an Esquimaux, could have got fat on saw-dust and cook's slush.

Went down rapids rapidly. Thought Montreal pretty good looking, considering.

Catholic Church sine spires, looks like 'humble' cow, i. e. cow sine horns. Nelson's monument conspicuous. Nelson in

rather ungenteel attitude to strangers arriving via river. Nelson, sailor too. Would Nelson have taken such position himself? No. Then position unnatural. Q. E. D. Found Montral in its usual place. Dignity received great shock by being landed at vulgar market wharf. Friend went to settle some business—we marched off to hotel with carter and baggage. Hoped friend would lose breakfast, for then breakfast must be soon ready. Hopes fallacious, Friend came in 'horrid' thirsty. Knew he always had hydrocephalus in French country and Montreal, therefore requested waiter to pour him out glass of water. Friend sighed and looked, sighed and looked & at last swallowed mouthful.

Breakfast bell rang. Ate like famished grenadier, or like collegian of ours, Dugald Dalgetty, to wit. Finished. Looked over newspapers. Took up Courier. Never see Courier at home. Were wont to think Herald too often too hard on Courier. Read a few sentences and discovered, as we are a sinner, that Herald had not said enough. *Crier* a positive disgrace to City, its nonsense & folly a libel on the intelligence of gentlemen of Montreal. Thought Editor must have imposed on proprietors by concealing ears and tail. None of our business. In forenoon called on Editor of Herald—the most able man in Canada, & gentleman to whom we are indebted for many favors. Impossible to find him out of good humor—hence his solidity. Left at one hour 50 minutes. Dinner at 2. Spent afternoon agreeably. Saw hundreds of emigrants landing ex steamer, from Quebec. Next day, rain. Emigrants looked weary. Houses, built of various materials, but mud always mud, *per omnia seculum.*

Spent part of week in comparative idleness—first idle time since 2 1/2 years ago. An old country gentleman who has known us since we were height of two peats and a sod, came to drive us to *Sault au Reculet*. Picked up brother of his by the way. While all calm around, fall is raging like old ocean after a storm. Waves heaving, curling, breaking, foaming. Saw Canadian engaged in profitless employment of catching fish and letting them go again. Man drowned at place few days before. Fishing stage a slippery looking concern. Canadian proposed to old country gent, to sell a *poisson* at a *bas prix*. *Bas prix* too high. Proposed to brother to strip and swim down by bank of stream. Refused. Refusal more sincere than proposal.

Tuesday afternoon left the city of mud or dust. Thermometer 90 deg. in shade. Hot, hot. Took seat on gallery. Friend hoisted tarpaulin alias umbrella to keep off sun. *Recubo sub umbra*—Ruddiman. Should have said *sub umbr-ell-a*. Sparks from fire burnt several holes in umbrella. Friend took it down, and we reasoning that sparks might burn holes in clothes also, (*Felix qui potuit*, &c.) took ourselves down stairs to deck. *Britannia* forced her way against current slowly, as lawyers get to heaven. Clerk charged York-shilling for small valise,—much need of opposition. Landed at Laprairie. Friend particular as to harnessing horse. Friend experienced in these matters; we are ignorant of them, as an old horse is of a hand-saw. Lightened carriage, by throwing heavy articles into stage, which was about to start. Snip in high spirits—evidently suffocating, not a breath of wind, millions of flies. Snip set off. Snip rattled over stones, making houses shake.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatu ungu—*La prairie*. Overtook several travellers, English and French...reached St. Johns, stage being far behind. Had to wait stage passengers for supper. Thought stage would never come; did come at last. Ate hearty supper. Made call in village. Bull frogs bellowing like oxen. On return, friend in bed, night warm and close. Threw up windows in passage and window in bed room. Slept in same room with friend. Friend objected to shutting door—objection overruled. Beautiful serenade out doors. Thunder rolled, rain pattered, and bull-frogs bellowed above all. *Sacres crocodiles*, *sacrees grenouilles*. In morning crossed Jones's bridge. Asked friend why toll gatherer was a Jew. Friend replied 'because he looked after cash.' Very natural, but proper answer is because he kept the *pass-over*. Not original. Day excessively hot. At Cliff's threw off coat and hoisted umbrella. Snip felt uncomfortable, though too aristocratic to shew it. Dined at Upper Mills and in afternoon reached home; Pinnacle grumbling a welcome to us through a thunder cloud.

"To us, however, it appears that, by impugning, as the Committee of Delegates have done by their third Resolution, the choice of his Majesty in the officer sent to administer the government of this province, they have gone the length of attempting to impose a restraint on the acknowledged right of the Crown to appoint its own servants, that will in effect amount to sending a *conge d'elire* from a portion of the inhabitants of this colony to permit the choice of a Governor agreeable to themselves".

The above sentence of the *Quebec Mercury* appears to us as rather a singular one. As a British subject, we are not aware that we encroach on the prerogatives of the King, by complaining of the oppressive conduct of any of his officers, nor by petitioning his Majesty to dismiss him. The exercise of the right of petitioning may not indeed be palatable to the present occupant of the castle of Saint Louis; and consequently, perhaps, not palatable to those, who have been more ready to hunt for excuses, for the constant insults offered to the English inhabitants of this province, by the titled puppet at the head of the government, than they have been to resent such insults. But as to the question of the right of petitioning for the recall of Lord Gosford, we had thought that no man, not even the most fawning admirer of the 'drama' of the noble Earl, could be found, who would insinuate that it was not possessed by the people. Had the select committee taken it upon them to point out to the King, the person, whom his Majesty should appoint as Governor, then we should say that the committee had 'gone the length of attempting to impose a restraint on the acknowledged right of the crown to appoint its own servants.'

When the common council of the city of London presented an address to the King, in effect praying him to take again to his councils the Earl Grey, we believe that it did go 'the length of attempting to impose' &c.; but the King did not object that it had no right so to address him.

The constitutional committee, however, do not presume to offer an address of such a nature; they merely petition that a man, who, in their opinion, has committed the grossest errors in administering the government, to give them the weakest name, should be removed from his office. A petition for recalling his Excellency encroaches no more on the prerogatives of the crown, than does the petition of 'the English inhabitants of this province' for a redress of grievances; in point of fact, the petition of recall is as constitutional and as necessary for the English in Lower Canada, as the petitions from the Upper Canadians praying the King to retain Sir F. B. Head.

If 'the endowments of Rectories (for a Protestant Church,) in Upper Canada, appears' to the *Irish Advocate*, a Roman Catholic paper, 'a measure of that exclusive character,' what will he, & other 'friends of liberal principles' think of the Roman Catholic church, being allowed to enjoy millions of acres, in this Province, contrary to law? What will he think of the Roman Catholic church having tithes secured to them by law—and the only church that is allowed to collect tithes? and what will he and other 'friends of liberal principles' think of the exclusive Roman Catholic colleges, in this province, for the support of which so many thousands of the public monies are yearly squandered, while not a sixpence can be afforded to a Protestant one? What will he and other 'friends of liberal principles' think, that by an Act of Provincial Parliament, Roman Catholic schools for girls, were allowed a salary from the same source, while not one sixpence was allowed to a Protestant school? And what will he and other 'friends of liberal principles' think, when he considers that these monies are raised from Protestants, as well as Catholics? Oh! says the *Irish Advocate*, 'the agitation of this question (the payment of tithes, &c. to the Roman Catholic clergy,) is by no means called for,' but the 'endowments' of 'Protestant' Rectories, it thinks 'a measure' of an 'exclusive character,' and 'will be productive of more mischief,' &c. What is the definition of 'liberal principles'?

Sir Francis B. Head has won the stakes. He played for the salvation of Upper Canada, and he has played nobly. The 'manly British feeling' has risen from the ground at the call of his Excellency, and traitors are laid in the dust. We do admire Sir Francis. He was beset by an unprincipled set of demagogues, thwarted by them in all his designs for effecting

the reform commanded by the King, and finally deprived of the means of carrying on the Government. Instead of yielding to the deep designing villains, he carries the war like a true soldier, into the enemy's camp, he deprives them of their hopes of plunder by cancelling the 'commissionerships,' and seizes on the weapons hitherto wielded by the agitators alone. He told the revolutionary assembly—frankly, for all his actions are frank and open,—that he would omit no opportunity of explaining to the people who were their real enemies. In doing this, he has shewn himself a complete master of his work, and who can blame him for counteracting his opponents in their own way. He has explained to the people who are their enemies. Calm, collected, resolute, he seemed to know the every spring of action in human nature, and how far it was proper for him to strain it. At one time he convinced them by his reasoning, at another without seeming to do so, he excited their prejudices as Britons, and warmed in them the irresistible tide of British loyalty. While, in all his replies to addresses, he has not only scorned to appeal to their passions, but actually has reproved, where necessary, the warmth, with which the people have expressed their honest indignation at the treatment, he had received. He raised and like a plaything directed the flood of patriotism, to the remotest corner of the Province: and, when at its height, lets it loose upon the revolutionary assembly, by a dissolution. From the moment that the proclamation was issued, Sir Francis kept aloof; but he looked, we doubt not, with anxiety on the coming struggle. He must now feel within him the honest pride, that, by his means, the struggle has ended in the return of a majority of constitutionalists to the new Assembly, and that Upper Canada is saved. The affairs of Lower Canada will feel the effects of this election, and we care not how soon.

The British American Land Company have imported Wool from Scotland, to be manufactured in the Townships. What say ye, revolutionists, will ye join with us in supporting the Land Company, and advancing the good of the country? or will ye, like certain of your tribe, 'grin & bear it'?

We understand that Mr. Moffat, one of the Commissioners of the company, and a gentleman, than whom none has a warmer interest in the Townships, visited Sherbrooke last week.

The Earl of Gosford held a *levee* on 30th ult., at which about six or eight Englishmen, besides officials were present. If his Excellency would be kind enough to drop us a 'dear sir, yours truly,' we would be glad to procure for him a supply of real genuine *Shanks* for his next exhibition. Let the noble Earl hold *levees*, by all means let him hold *levees*; let him speak to Englishmen in French, and then translate into English. Few people, in an English colony, below the rank of a Governor, can afford to use more than one language—but that language is the language of their beloved King.

Every thing is on a grand scale in America. The mountains and prairies, the rivers and lakes, the railroads and canals, the heat, the cold and the thunder storms; nay, even the murders and fire raisings are on a grand scale in the neighboring republic. In the midst of these grand things, it seems that *advertisements* do not fall behind; for we see one in the *Quebec Gazette*, for TEN THOUSAND men to dig a canal in Illinois.

The Agricultural meeting for the county of Rouville will be held on the *first day of August*, and not on the 31st of July, as noticed in our paper of last week.

For the Mississoula Standard.

A meeting of the Inhabitants of the County of Mississoula was held in Sutton, on Saturday the 11th June instant, agreeable to public notice, for the purpose of deciding on the expediency of making and improving the Road crossing the Mountain. Robert Manson, Esq. in the Chair, Thomas Sanborn, Secretary, it was unanimously

*Resolved*, that a Subscription be raised for the purpose of repairing the Road above mentioned, and that Henry Bright, Thomas Akin, & Daniel James be appointed as a Committee to superintend the expenditure of the funds raised for the improvement of said Road.

THO. SANBORN, Secretary.

Married, at St. Albans, Vt., on the 6th inst. by the Rev. G. Allen. The Rev. Micajah Townsend, Rector of St. George's Church, Noyan, to Miss Sarah K. Nash, sister of the Rev. S. Nash, formerly Rector of the Episcopal Church, of St. Albans.

On 27th ult., by the Rev. James Reid, Mr. Sewell Lawrence, of Sutton, to Miss Lucia Davidson, of St. Albans.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand indumenta seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but *Cash* will be received.

N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required.

DANIEL FORD.

Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11—1y.

## Wanted

A N Apprentice to the Tailoring business, a smart active boy, from twelve to fourteen years of age. He must come well recommended.

JAMES McCANNA.

Freighsburg, July 12th, 1836. V2—14tf

## Notice

I S hereby given that a meeting of the young ladies and gentlemen's Temperance Society, will be held in the School house, at Abbott's Corner, on Saturday 16th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M. A general attendance is requested,

By order of the president.

JAMES ATER, Jr. Secretary.

July, 7th, 1836.

## Renovation.

I AM now at Stanbridge Upper Mills, & wish to assure the inhabitants of my other destinations, that I am coming in due time, lest they should say as the Israelites did to Aaron of Moses,—"Where is this Garder, for we wot not what has become of him?" My Machine is now undergoing repairs, and those who have work to do, will do well to keep their work until I come, as an old practitioner and one who has continually advertised, 'good wok, or no pay,' can be more safely employed than strangers, intruders, or speculators. Please inquire for good work, of James Gardner, as his ony is genuine, it will at all times be managed by himself in person.

JAMES GARDNER.

Stanbridge, July 11, 1836.

## Notice.

A meeting of the members of the Agricultural Society in the County of Rouville, will be held at the house of Mr. C. C. P. Gould, Innkeeper, Henryville, on Saturday the 1st day of Aug. next, at 1 o'clock P. M. all persons interested are requested to attend for the purpose of subscribing and paying over the amount of their subscriptions; and to appoint proper persons to examine and adjust the crops; and all persons wishing to become competitors must give in their names, together with the kind of crop for which they wish to compete to the committee, before that time, as the several subscriptions are to be paid into the hands of the Treasurer on that day.

By order of the President,

DAVID L. LEWIS, Secretary.

Noyan 27th June 1836 V2 13—3w.

## Notice.

The Annual meeting of the Freighsburg Temperance Society, will be held at the Brick School House in this village, on Thursday the 7th July next, at four o'clock, P. M.

It is expected that an Address will be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Robertson.

By order of the President.

S. P. LALANNE, Secretary.

Freighsburg, June 28, 1836.

The above meeting stands adjourned to the 2nd Thursday, the 14th, of the present month of July, and will commence at 4 o'clock, P. M.

By order,

S. P. LALANNE, Secy.

Freighsburg, July 5th, 1836.

## New Store.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has opened a Store at the old stand of the late Capt. JOHN CHURCH, Jr. in

CHURCHVILLE,

where he will hold himself in readiness to pay every attention to such as may favor him by calling and examining his assortment of

Dry Goods,

Groceries,

Crockery,

Flour,

Hard-Ware, etc. etc.

Which he will sell on a reasonable terms as the same quantity and quality can be purchased for at any store in the county. Will the Public call and examine for themselves.

ANSON KEMP.

Churchville, July 5th,

V2.13tf

## Notice.

FOR SALE, one hundred acres of excellent LAND, in the Township of Sutton, being the north half of Lot No. 14, first range. Inquire of JOHN GIBSON,

Sutton, June 15, 1836.

V2.11tf

## Notice.

This is to forbid any one from trusting or harboring my wife Honour, who has left my bed and board, without any just cause.

JOHN RYAN.

Sabrevois, June 29th, 1836.

V2 13 3w

In

Notice.

MR. John Brown informs the public that he will receive WOOL at the house of George or Thomas Barnes, in St. Armand, and return the same free from cost of exportation.

Payments, from customers at a distance, may be made where the Wool is delivered.

JOHN BROWN.

Freighsburg, June 14, 1836.—Vol.2. 10tf.

## Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand indumenta seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but *Cash* will be received.

N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14

years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required.

DANIEL FORD.

Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11—1y.

## SMITH'S

## Cheap Store.

## New & Splendid Goods.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his

friends and the public, that he has just re-

ceived one of the most extensive, splendid and

general assortments of

## Goods

ever offered for sale in this section of the country.

All of which are of the very first quality and lat-

est Fashions. Without particularizing, he soli-

cits most respectfully, a fair examination of his

Goods and prices, before purchases are made else-

where.

Every kind of Farmers' Produce received in

which, for which the highest price will be paid.

W. W. SMITH.

Mississoula Bay, June 28, 1836. V2 12tf.

## For Sale,

BY the Subscriber, a few Barrels of

Flour, Pork & Mackerel.

LEVI KEMP.

Freighsburg, June 20th, 1836. V2—11tf.

## NEW GOODS,

And Cheap!!

THE subscriber has just received a general

assortment of

## GOODS,

consisting of

## Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery &

Hard Ware;

Including almost every article usually called for

in a country store, which will be sold very low

## POETRY.

### The Newspaper.

"Lo! here it comes before the cheerful fire,  
Damps from the press in smoky curls aspire,  
(As from the earth the sun exhales the dew,)  
Ere we can read the wonders that ensue;  
Then eager every eye surveys the part  
That brings its favorite subject to the heart;  
Grave politicians look for facts alone,  
And gravely add conjectures of their own:  
The sprightly nymph, who never broke her rest,  
For tottering crowns or mighty lands oppress'd,  
Finds broils and battles but neglects them all;  
For songs or suits: a birth-day or a ball;  
The keen, warm man o'erlooks each idle tale,  
For 'Maries wanted,' or 'Estates on sale,'  
While some with equal minds to each attend,  
Pleased with each part, & grieves to find an end.  
For this all readers turn, and all can look  
Pleased on a paper who abhor a book;  
Those who ne'er designed their Bible to peruse,  
Who think it hard to be denied their news;  
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,  
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek;  
This, like the public inn, provides a treat,  
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;  
And such the mental food, as we may call,  
Something to men, and to some men all."

## THE WIFE OF SEVEN HUSBANDS.

### A LEGEND OF ANCIENT LONDON.

In the beginning of the reign of Edward the First of long-legged memory, there lived upon Corne-Hills, over against the spot where the water-tonne was a few years afterwards built, a certain blithe and buxom widow, very wealthy, and as fair withal as she was wealthy; she was only in her twenty-eighth year, of a tall and stately shape and bearing, and with commanding and yet right modest features; her face was oval, her hair and eyes of bright black; her forehead high; her eyebrows arched, almost into semi-circles; her nose slightly aquiline; her cheeks high colored, and yet delicately so; her lips small and prettily bent; her teeth white and regular; her chin rather forward and dimpled; and her complexion dark though not swarthy; so that upon the whole she had rather a Jewish cast of countenance.

Mistress Alice was a very handsome woman, and, as has been before said, very wealthy, for her father always petted her, and although he had two other children, sons, he quarrelled with them both and turned them out of doors, and very solemnly vowed he would disinherit them, and there is little doubt he would have kept his vow, but that they prevented him, the eldest, by being drowned in the Fleet river, and the other by getting murdered in an affray with the city watch. At the old man's death, therefore, he left all his property, real and personal to his 'dear daughter Alice,' who was then twenty-one years old, and had lately been married for the first time in her life. She has been already introduced to the reader as a widow, and if he was tempted to be surprised at her being so young one, what will he think when he reads that she was a widow for the fifth time?—ay, and was now on the eve of being married to her sixth husband—this was Master Simon Shard, a draper of Corne-hill, who had a well-filled purse, a rather corpulent figure, a round and ruddy face, and was about two and thirty years of age. It is said he had been enameled of the fair Alice previously to her three last marriages, but that he had not had courage enough to break his mind to her till some time after the death of her fourth husband, and when he did so he found she was engaged to his immediate forerunner, at whose death he again pressed his suit—was accepted, and they were married. After living for about six months on the most seemingly loving and comfortable terms, Master Shard was found dead in his bed, without any previous illness or indisposition: this was very strange, at least strange it will probably seem to the reader, though it was not so to Mrs. Alice's neighbors, for wonderful to relate, all her other husbands had died in the same way, and under the same circumstances. There had been from time to time many various opinions afloat upon this subject, and they had become more prevalent, stronger, and of longer lasting upon the successive deaths of each of her husbands. The most moderate had merely observed, that 'for certain Mrs. Alice was a very unlucky, or a very lucky woman, according to the speaker's appreciation of wedlock: others looked very wise, and seemed to think a good deal, but said very little, generally contenting themselves with observing, 'That it really was very odd; but again there were others, who—especially on the death of Mr. Shard's predecessor—declared that 'such things were clear out of the common run of nature, and that either Mrs. Alice, or some one not to be named among Christians, must have bewitched her husbands,' (and here the speaker and listeners, especially if females, would devoutly cross themselves) 'or else some thing or other' (also it seemed not to be named among Christians) 'had carried them off in a very odd way, to say the least of it.' and to this cautious and mysterious opinion the generality of the last mentioned gossips with additional self-crossing, assented. Still, however, Mrs. Alice's conduct was so, not unobjectionable, but praiseworthy; she was so pious and charitable a woman, so good a neighbor, so kind a friend, and in short so publicly and privately fulfilled all the domestic relations of life, in so exemplary a manner, that even the tongues of those who secretly envied her wealth, her beauty and may be her luck, had not as yet dared to wag in open scandal against her: but a sixth occurrence of so extraordinary an event, it would seem gave sudden loose to their hitherto confined scruples and tongues: or, perhaps the reason why they more freely vented their suspicions or

their spite on the present occasion might be that Master Shard had been a man of great influence in the city—his connections stood high in the eyes of men, and he had a cousin who was sheriff at the time of his death, and who declared when he heard it, 'by cock's marrow, he would see into the matter that very moment,' and accordingly next morning, for he was just going to sit down to dinner when he made the above declaration, he presented himself with a *posse comitatus* at Mrs. Alice's door—and then the neighborhood, as with one voice, spoke out against her; for their long held opinion of her (at least they said it had been long held) now found the countenance of power—her piety had been hypocrisy, and they had thought so all along...her charity ostentation,—her goodness and kindness, even those that had benefited by them, now found some hole to pick in, and in plain and pithy English they called her a murdresses.

While this was going on without Mrs. Alice's doors, another kind of scene was taking place within. The sheriff had been readily admitted, and was followed not only by the *posse of the county*, but by a *posse of the venue* (to use, I believe, a strictly lawful phrase,) consisting of all sorts of people, who either had or thought they had, or thought they should like to have some concern in the business. They found the widow by the bedside of her departed husband: she not only did not fly from but courted investigation, and accordingly the body was investigated, but not the slightest sign of violence was found upon it; no trace of steel or poison—all was right and as unaccountable as it ought to have been.

There were some present who pretended to a great knowledge of human nature, and who strictly watched Mrs. Alice during the whole transaction, and their evidence went still further to clear her from the imputation it was sought to affix upon her; for they said her conduct was thoroughly natural—she seemed distracted between indignation at the charge brought against her, & grief for the cause thereof; & yet there was no overacting in her grief, it seemed just what she would be likely to feel for the loss of such a husband, and to be rather sorry for the spell that appeared to be upon her, than for the man himself. The sheriff and his friends therefore, whatever they might have thought or wished, found themselves forced to declare her guiltless; and after partaking of a slight repast, consisting of boiled beef, suet puddings, sausages and ale, left the widow to her solitude. His declaration of her guiltlessness was soon known among her neighbors, almost all of whom without delay or difficulty returned to their former good opinion of her, greatly pitying her for the trouble she had been put to, and much wondering how folks should be so spiteful as to tell such wicked stories. In a few days orders were given for the burial of the late Master Shard in Mrs. Alice's family vault, which was in St. Michael's church, & which vault, though one of considerable extent, Mrs. Alice seemed in a fair way of filling cloak full with her husbands.

St. Michael's church stood at the period of this tale, and for aught the teller knows to the contrary, stands to this day at the eastern end of Corn-hill, and about midway between this church and Mrs. Alice's house there was a pot-house or tavern, known by the sign of the 'Seven Star': in the tap-room of this tavern, upon the afternoon when Master Shard was to be carried to his long home, there was assembled a very merry company of some dozen worthy citizens who were getting full of good things and gratitude towards the giver of the feast, Master Martin Lessomour, a young merchant, whose safe return from a long and successful voyage to the Mediterranean they were met to celebrate. Master Lessomour was not yet thirty, though hard upon it; tall, strongly and well built: his face was handsome and manly, and his large blue eyes looked like mirrors of his frank heart; his complexion was naturally fair, but exposure to the sun and storm had given it a healthy tan, as they had also yet more bleached his light hair, which he wore long and curling down his neck and shoulders; in short he was altogether a comely young man to look upon, and the rogue knew it, too, for it was particularly observed of him that his carriage, which was at all times free and easy, would assume a little bit of a swagger when he either met in the streets, or passed under windows where were sitting young and pretty damsels. In his merry moods he was playful as a month-old kitten, as very a galliard as the best among them; but when business required it, he was as staid and sober as if an idle jest or an extra cup of canary had never passed his lips, so that he was equally well thought of among the grave and the gay; some of the oldest and wealthiest of the citizens would nod to him in passing, and some even went so far as to declare upon Change, 'they believed young Master Lessomour would be a man well to do in the world, if,' for they generally added reservation, 'if he only took care of himself and had good luck.' They might indeed have been a little influenced in the formation of the good opinion, by the fact of his being the only heir and great favorite of a very rich and very old uncle. On the afternoon in question, he and his boon companions were at the height of their merriment, when one who was sitting in the bay window, that jutted out into the street, observed the funeral of Master Shard approaching, and gave notice thereof to the others. The passing of a dead body being a solemn event, and they being orthodox Christians (according to the orthodoxy of

those times) merriment was therefore suspended, and I will not undertake to say there was not a share of curiosity mixed up with this religious feeling for they rose, one and all, and huddled into the window recess, in order to have a fair view of the funeral procession, which as matters went then-a-days was a very sumptuous one. Most of the party present being acquainted with the circumstances of the case, at once recognized whose funeral it was, and the ignorant and anxious ears of Master Lessomour were generally drinking in sundry marvellous tales of the rich widow of Corn-Hill, when she herself passed immediately by the window, looking becomingly downcast and sorrowful.

'Be she what she may,' exclaimed my young merchant, 'by the pillars of Hercules, she is a lovely wench, and steps out like an emperatric.'

'A witch,' Master Martyn, replied one, the oldest of his companions, 'a wicked witch is she, takean honest man's word for it, who should know something about such things.'

'He is married to shrew,' said another, in an audible under tone, which produced a hearty laugh against the former speaker; in this, however, Master Lessomour did not join, nor with his companions who resumed their places round the well stored table, but drawing a stool into the window recess, and taking a tankard of ale with him, he sat him down, intending, he said, to have another glimpse of the fair widow as she should return from the church, meanwhile, he requested the company to tell him something more about her as they seemed to know so much, and he nothing, having been so long away from home—and accordingly, Master Andrew (he who had boasted of his knowledge of such things, and was indeed reputed the most garrulous gossip in the parish) with the assistance and interruption of his companions, when they thought he had not made enough of a good point, went through a relation of Mrs. Alice's life and adventures; and, which relation, divested of a considerable share of fiction with which Master Andrew had laden it, and put together, it is humbly hoped in something of a more coherent manner, corresponded very nearly with that which has already been laid before the reader. During all this while, Martyn Lessomour spoke not a word, and when at length the narration was ended, he clapped his hand lustily on the window-sill, and cried out, 'By the seven stars, and they are ruling ones now, casting up his eyes to the sign over the door, 'but it is a strange tale...and whether true or false I will soon know—for if the mind of man hold good within me four and twenty hours, I will somehow or other scrape knowledge with this said witching widow.'

At this observation, there was a general outcry, some declaring he would not do as he said, others that he could not; and some presuming on long intimacy with him, or on their greater advance in years, vowed he should not.

'And we'll see that, my merry masters, in an eye-twinkle,' cried Lessomour, 'for here comes the dame back as if to my wish; and with that, to the no small wonderment of his friends, he started from his seat, and clapping his cap upon one side of his head, hurried out of the door, and posted himself on the middle of the path, whereon Dame Alice with a few attendants was returning; he staid there, till she came within two or three paces of him, and then drew back to make way for her—she looked up and their eyes met, and bowing as graciously as he could, which was not indifferently, he drew back still further. Mrs. Alice turned with the intent to cross the road, but some horsemen riding at the moment prevented her from doing so; whereupon Master Lessomour, stepping to her side, said, 'fair Dame, will you let a stranger do his duty here, & see you safe over.' She curtained and accepted the arm he offered her; and after escorting her across the road, where they again exchanged courtesies, he left her and joined his companions, who from the window had beheld with astonishment his bold gallantry. They conspired to attack him with a good deal of bantering and railing upon his exploit; but he was in such high spirits at the good success of it, and so well pleased with the way in which he had acquitted himself, that he turned the tables upon them; or if literally speaking, he did not do that, they pretty nearly did it for themselves; for in the course of two hours there was not one of the party, with the exception of Master Lessomour, who was too merry to get drunk, except too Master Andrews, on whom liquor had no more effect than on a sponge, only making him heavy; with these exceptions, there was not one who did not turn himself under the table.

Martyn dreamed all night of the lovely widow, and rose next morning at the first break of dawn and betimes to visit the widow. In due time they were married and lived very happily.

It chanced, however, that, as they were sitting together silently one evening upon a low stool or settle (in shape something like a modern settee, only with quaintly carved frame and elbows,) gazing upon the dying embers of a wood-fire that had been piled up between the brazen dogs on the brick hearth, that Mrs. Alice fetched a sigh.

'Why dost sigh, sweetheart?' said her husband; 'art not happy?'

'I knew not that I sighed, dear Martyn,' she said. 'Certe, it was not for lack of happiness, for I am right happy.'

'I am glad to hear thee say so, and

think thou sayest sooth—if I may at all judge from mine own heart—for I am happier than I ever yet have been.'

'And so in truth, am I, Martyn—for I am happy now; and indeed I never knew happiness till I knew thee.'

'Nay, now thou art surely cajoling me, sweetest. Meanest thou, thou wert never happy ere now?'

'I say till I knew thee, never...never! As she said this with great stress on the word never, Martyn whose arm was girdling her, felt her shudder strongly, and he shook too.

(Conclusion next week.)

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